

The Birch-Off

TEST. H.F.F. P.O. Palustrum



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A MISSION!

To you, former students, men and women, who are in the Armed Services--the heartiest greetings from the Massachusetts School of Art. We miss you! Perhaps--you miss us, too. If that is true, it indicates a bond, which we hope will grow stronger and stronger even tho' distances and time may separate our realms of activity. We have high aims in common. Victory, first, and, equally important, our right to high ideals and a faith that culture and beauty may continue to be the rightful heritage of all peoples.

At school, we are ready and eager to contribute our best toward a decisive victory. We are also thinking very seriously of the place that art is to take in the new, invigorated cultural growth, which must come with peace, and of your place in the post war period.

Do what you can now to help those serving with you to understand that Art is not a luxury for the few but an essential to fine living for everyone. There is hardly a thing in our lives which Art does not touch. Let's tell the world about it!

Mass. Art, currently reemerging a young ladies' finishing school, is occasionally reminded of the good old days by the return of one or another of our warriors for a brief visit.

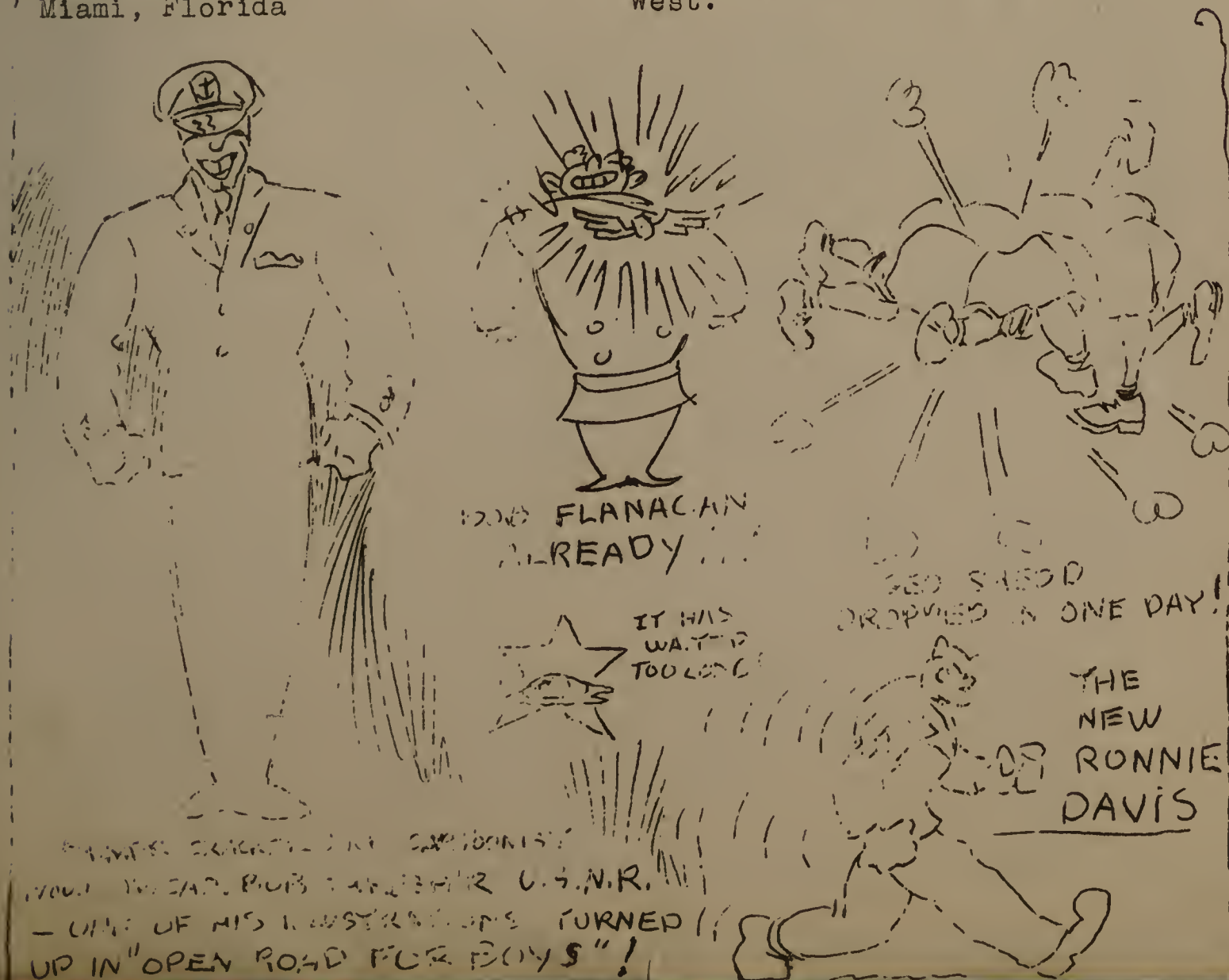
Easy-going Louis Calnek ambled in with an inquiring eye...Then there were amazed shrieks upon the unexpected appearance of A/C Robert Salamoff ... "Explain your presence!" ... shrug..... "They just said go home for a while."...Here comes the navy! Sal Palacino S 2/C breezed in with his flashy smile... Bob Thresher, looking swell in the uniform of a Naval Air Cadet, dropped in. After

finishing his training at Williamstown he has migrated to Roanoke College in Virginia. ... Sumner Fineberg was here for a brief visit, bringing tales of Brigham Young University and the wild and wooly west.

pause and catch our breath long enough to say "hello" to all you guys (and gals, too). All Mass. Art joins in sending you heartiest greetings and an invitation to join the old crowd again through the pages of this paper. Those of you who saw the "Brush-Off" last year will find that it has been condensed--a necessary measure because of those ominous lists of assignments. And like to write whole books of news for you, but instead we'll try to make it short and sweet!

If your address has been changed recently, please send it to us immediately--we don't want to miss anyone when the "Brush-Off" is sent out.

And have you heard--President Reynolds is now in Africa! He would enjoy hearing from you--the address is: A.P.O. 622 American Redcross c/o Postmaster Miami, Florida



HEADLINES FROM HERE AND THERE:

We regret to announce the news of Mass. Art's first boys to be killed in action--Dick Riley, '43, a paratrooper, killed in Sicily in July, and Louis Vuilleumier, Class of 1936--killed in action.

News in a happier vein: "Guadalcanal Sketch Book" was the heading given pages of sketches by Cpl. William Gunn, U.S.M.C. in the Boston Herald and Traveler this summer...and did you see the snapshot of Jack Stranick with none other than our first Lady!...Lt. William R. Candy (we call him Bob) came home from action on the Alaskan front with the distinguished Flying Cross, Oak Leaf Cluster and the Flying Medal,--then he took that great step and became a married man...Normie Lamstrom is always on the move--so sayeth classmate T/Sgt. Gordon Andersson who is with the A.A. Balloon Battalion, V.L.A. (V.L.A. means very low altitude--unquote)... Joe MacDonald spends his days on the "Big Green" campus in Hanover, New Hampshire. Seems there's a feud on between the Navy V12 students and the Marines, but the latter "have the situation well in hand"...Speaking of Marines, a very attractive one was seen about school the other day. She was none other than Janina Cies--oops, pardon us--her last name is her middle name now. The lady is the proud possessor of a diamond, a wedding band, a first lieutenant in the Army, and a P.F.C. stripe--all acquired in the same day!

Speaking of married ladies, we must not overlook our brunette bombshell, Charlotte Sullivan, who has taken the fatal step--as have Betty Taylor and Paul Edmonston, who now live in California, after tying the knot in Washington.

Blessed event department: Helen Bacon Merchant is the proud mama of Merrilyn Lee, Merrilee for short...And a son to Pat Cunningham...we didn't catch his name, but we hear he has Pat's blue eyes.

Here Marion Farrell represents the Junior class in the Navy. How about an address, Marion?

JOE HAS CHALLENGED A LADY



MEMORIAM

I SEED ME DOOTY AN I DONE IT



AW CUT TH' STUF MAW



AW LET 'EM WHISTLE--IT'S MORE FUN--



Just a reminder...the Army Specialized Training Program provides the continuous and accelerated flow of high-grade technicians and specialists needed by the Army. It permits uninterrupted training for those young men who might otherwise lose valuable training time.



Our social events are quite rare, but really worth remembering. The recent Hallowe'en party brought out our fair milk-maids, accompanied by farmers in overalls (don't be deceived--these were our young ladies dressed for the occasion). After a rousing session of square dances and polkas, which left our less athletic students lame for days, a sparkling program of home talent was presented. Two mistresses of ceremony, Carter and Holcomb, Inc., were in charge of the fun, presented in the best vaudeville tradition. Marie Anton, charming in a real Czechoslovakian costume revealed a lovely voice in singing folk songs; then there were Elaine Smithers, gypsy dancer; Esther Connor with here monologues; and Gloria Harrington who, we agreed, is second to none as a torch singer. The one and only Dick Freniere obliged with one of his justly famous horror stories, complete with gory lighting effects, while Nancy Graves was a night-club singer, in a costume which must be seen to be believed. And, oh! the Corn Huskers, straight from the Ozarks, with accordion, washboard, guitar, and singers, all led with gusto by Bev. Hallan. A skit revealing the inner workings of the school store also aimed a few darts at the faculty with considerable success.

After this excitement, the guests were revived with cider and doughnuts, served by Maude Miller and her corps of hostesses.

Later post-mortems on the party agreed that it was one of the most successful to be held in many a year. Here's hoping we'll see many more like it--and that you boys can be there, too!

We hereby present the annual lament written by Miss Flossie Freshman. Remember, not so long ago? You were freshmen, too...

My first class was "Oil Fainting." Everyone was drawing in charcoal, and I was trying to borrow a piece. "You mean conte crayon," my neighbor corrected as she passed me a generous piece of crayon. I was offered portfolios to lean on, paper, and erasers, while in the background Mr. Gavin read rules on the evils of borrowing.

The next difficulty was the search for C-7. "Maybe it's down in the basement, I thought. Boiler room, fuse closets, janitors' office were inspected as motherly upperclassmen assured us that it was just down the hall. We finally gave up. Tired, frightened, and twenty minutes late for class we collapsed against a door which unexpectedly opened and we fell into C-7.

As for Freshman week! Did you see us with coiffeurs unmercifully skinned and hair cascading a la Niagara over our noses? Did you see us without socks, shoes, and precious bobby pins? Did you see us with our skirts inside out, jackets backside to? We shan't even mention the gentlemen, with skirts above their gartered legs and roses in their whiffles. No wonder an uncultured passerby grumbled, "Tch, tch, what them sloppy artists won't do."



This is your paper--we want your ideas about what is to go into it. If you have any cartoons that you think your other pals in the service would like to see, send them to us, and we'll try to publish them.

And now it is time to put away the old typewriter and say good-bye until next month. Till then, best of luck to you all.

